

lars toward equipping the laboratories and library and scarcely miss it. If there is any one who desires to serve the Lord and at the same time build a monument for himself, he could find no better opportunity than to equip a fine physical and chemical laboratory in Ashland college. It will be one that will last and one that will be beneficial to hundreds of students who will honor the name of him who placed those things within their reach. It will do more good than building a church because where the church would prove a blessing to dozens, the laboratories would bless hundreds.

Brethren, think it over and when the opportunity presents itself give the college a helping hand. To ask the teachers to equip these out of their meager salaries is too much. Yet this is what has been done this year. All the chemical apparatus we used this year was bought by Prof. Miller and the outfit used this year will be inadequate next year.

Men who have had years of business experience remember how a little start at some time in their career would have been or was a great boon to them. How much easier it is to gain the second thousand dollars than it was the first. The same holds true with institutions. Give us the start and we can keep the laboratories in repair from the fees paid by those who take the work.

IF CHRIST BE RISEN

G. W. RENCH

Christ arose from the dead. This is the fundamental proposition of Christianity. Upon this our hopes stand or fall. With Paul we must say, "And if Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain." Believing a thing does not make it so, you see. He says also, "And if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." The belief of a falsehood *then* could not save them, however honest they may have been. It is not going too far to say that falsehoods never did, nor never will save a soul. Yet there are thousands of people consoling themselves that they *believe* certain things, and they care but little whether these things are right or wrong. They have been taught that it is "all just as you believe"—a doctrine born in hell, and preached by the devil and his imps. Shun it.

I believe that Christ arose from the dead because of the Divine life He lived, the Divine words He spoke, His wonderful miracles, the effect of His Divine life on the human race, and upon the testimony of a whole host of good people who say they saw Him after His resurrection. Yet in the face of all this overwhelming evidence if He did not come forth from the grave, my belief of it will be of no avail in eternity. If we get our facts from the Book instead of from the beliefs of men we shall have no trouble about that, however.

Christ's resurrection settles many questions. It decides the authenticity of the Old Testa-

ment. Christ used it as the Law of God, and His resurrection proves that He knew. The "flood story," the "manna from heaven," "Lot's wife," and "Jonah and the whale" must be received as truth though some "can't see how it could be," for the Master spoke of these things as true, and He arose from the dead. Christ called, qualified, and sent His apostles, and since He arose from the dead, that seals the authority of the New Testament. Yes, and every doctrine that it contains, every command that came from His blessed lips must be honored, or we dishonor Him whom God raised from the dead. How any one can believe that the King of Glory would suffer untold agonies, and then give us His last message filled with non-essentials, is more than I can understand.

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

GEO. S. GRIM

The deeds done in one night often destroy a whole life. The night ill spent brings a remorse of conscience all the day. Often more evil is committed in one night, than all the days through the week. Under cover of the dark night is the criminals harvest time. This is especially more true in towns and cities, than it is in the country.

The street lamps, like a watchman with a torch shining bright stretch away in long lines on either side of the streets, where the gay and fast have their enticing scenes of attraction; the saloons and the billiard halls are run in full blast; and the strains of music often sends forth its enchanting sound in these haunts and houses of attraction, where the mills of destruction are grinding out health, honor, virtue and happiness of rising generations. The city with its gas-light is not the same as it is with God's sunlight. The perilous places and pit-falls in the night are a hundred fold darker and more destructive than in the day.

Night in the city is a dark problem to solve; where many a young person just blooming into man-hood and woman-hood, will sink down this whirlpool of destruction, never to rise any more on this side of eternity. Policeman! pacing thy beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing through the night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? Where are they going in, and where are they coming out? Will the night life in the city of those gay young men and women too recommend itself before the sun-shine of broad day-light? Watchman make a record of the deeds done by such, just for one week, then publish it in the weekly papers; what do you think would be the result? Would such not sneak out and hide their faces with disgust and shame? Some would not go to their place of business in the morning; some would not go to their own home; some would leave the city entirely. As a consequent result there would be shame, contempt, confusion and disgust wherever and with whom such would meet. Again we appeal unto you watchman, and say! What of the night?

Louisville, Ohio.

AN INVENTOR'S TRIALS

C. H. WETHERBE

Mr. Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype machine, recently died in Baltimore, Md. He was born in Germany, where he learned the watchmaker's trade. At the age of eighteen he came to America and was very poor and friendless. In 1876, when he was twenty-two years old, he became connected with a mechanical engineering firm in Baltimore. For four years he spent his spare time in mechanical experiments. At last he conceived the idea of inventing a type-setting machine. At length he succeeded, and now this wonderful instrument, called the linotype, has revolutionized the art of type-setting.

But Mr. Mergenthaler met with trials which greatly tested his patience and faith. After he had perfected his machine and secured his patents, he found that men, who had plenty of money, and whom he wished to interest themselves in the manufacture of the instrument, were very loth to do so, even after they had seen it work successfully. There were publishers, also, who declared that the machine was not a practical one. It was only after incessant and most earnest pleadings with men of means that the inventor finally succeeded in getting a company organized, with a small capital.

Even then it was three years before a linotype was introduced into the composing room of a newspaper for trial. From that time onward the machine gradually came into use in printing establishments, and today there are about six thousand in operation in this country and others. Those who use it would not go back to old methods of type-setting. That inventor was at last rewarded for his years of intense study, his financial deprivations, his battle with great obstacles and his numerous disappointments. Inventive talent, unflinching patience and prolonged perseverance brought accomplishments of a high order. That which men of intelligence and experience had no faith in at first, was worthy of their most practical faith. The inventor himself believed with all of his heart that what he was inventing was what thousands would come to need and appreciate. Young men, do not be defeated in any good work by discouragements. Push and persevere!

Home Circle

Grandmother's Remedy

Bobby was almost always as happy as he could be, and Beth's fat little face was ever ready to entertain a family of smiles, morning, noon, and night; but one night Bobby growled and grumbled, and two deep wrinkles in Beth's forehead drove all the smiles away. What do you suppose was the reason?

"Girls don't have to do anything!" declared Bobby, as he sat down with a thump on the shoe box in grandmother's room. "Girls don't have to feed hens or fill the